

LINCOLN'S Bodyguard & His Relics

By Russell Woodard

HERE are yet living from half a dozen to a dozen men who may be said to have known Abraham Lincoln intimately and personally. Of all these former associates of the martyr president, however, none can rival Col. William H. Crook in the possession of vivid and unique recollections of the war president. Moreover, Col. Crook's reminiscences of the most interesting portion of his long public career have been kept ever fresh in his memory by continuous service at the White House in Washington, of which he has been an attaché for more than two score years, and where he constantly sees objects and incidents that remind him of the kindly executive who occupied the presidential mansion when he first took up his duties there.

Col. Crook, who is now in his seventieth year, has been for a long time past the disbursing officer of the presidential business establishment, but during the Lincoln administration he was the president's bodyguard and thus, naturally, came more closely and continuously in contact with the great American than did almost any other individual. Crook was little more than twenty years of age when the civil war broke out, and as soon as he was 21 he enlisted in the union army. At the expiration of his term of enlistment he secured a position on the police force at the national capital, and it was while serving in this capacity that he was chosen as the principal bodyguard of the chief magistrate.

Under present conditions the president of the United States need scarcely exchange a word with his secret service protectors, who usually walk or ride some little distance behind him, but Lincoln was wont to insist that his bodyguard walk by his side, after the manner of a personal friend rather than an official protector. The president took quite a fancy to Crook, who was young and, as he confesses, a trifle bashful at the outset. In his walks about the capital and his nightly tramps from the White House to the war department—there was no telegraph office at the White House in those days and the president went to the department to get the war news at first hand—Lincoln talked on a variety of subjects with bodyguard Crook, and even discussed at times the possibility of some person attempting to do him harm. Col. Crook's recollections of the president on these night pilgrimages to the news center portray a tall figure, wrapped in a rough gray shawl and wearing a tall beaver hat. Often the kindly, sympathetic chief magistrate would draw his bodyguard to his side and walk hand in hand or arm in arm with the younger man.

When Crook was on duty at night at the White House he would take his station, after the president retired, in the corridor on the second floor of the mansion upon which the president's

night of the assassination. He always refers to his absence on this occasion with deep regret, for he had a special system of his own for guarding the president or such public appearances, and as he is convinced to this day that if he had been at his usual station at the door of the president's box, Booth could never have passed him. There would seem to be some ground for Crook's confidence, for the bodyguard did frustrate the plans of a man who sought to gain audience with Lincoln during the latter's famous visit to City point, and who, when refused admission, made threats against the president. At the time the man gave the name of Smith, but Crook has always been confident that it was none other than the notorious Surrat, with whose appearance under normal conditions he was familiar through having lived in the same county in Maryland before the war.

The home of Col. Crook in the city of Washington is a veritable museum of relics and mementoes of Lincoln and other presidents. Probably the most prized of all the keepsakes is a card in Lincoln's handwriting which the president addressed to the provost marshal general when Crook and another bodyguard, Alexander Smith, were drafted for service in the army. The president wrote that he could not spare the men and asked the above-mentioned official to "please fix" the matter. This precious bit of paper reposed for years in the war depart-



Mrs. W. H. Crook.

ment files, but when Robert T. Lincoln, son of the martyr president, was secretary of war, he gave it to his father's old guard.

Another of Col. Crook's souvenirs is a mahogany cane made from the rail of the little spiral stairway whereby Lincoln reached his office on the second floor of the White House—a stairway long since torn away. Col. Crook has some almost priceless specimens of the china service which Mrs. Lincoln selected for the White House, and which Col. Crook declares to have been more beautiful than any tableware purchased before or since for use on the presidential table. Among the pieces are a cup and saucer which Lincoln used. These, like all of the pieces of this service, are ornamented by a broad maroon band and adorned with the American eagle and coat of arms in colors.

The Living Lincoln.

How well I remember when Lincoln lived at Petersburg, Ill., carrying the chain for a surveyor's party and working for 75 cents a day. The surveyor's wife told me that she often saw him studying at night, seated on the cellar door, reading Blackstone often until midnight by the light of the moon.

Lincoln always took note of the light and dark of the moons, as is shown by an incident which occurred during his early practice of law. A murder was committed in the neighborhood of the village, and the son of the surveyor's wife was arrested on suspicion from the testimony of an "eye witness." In the meantime Lincoln had swung out his shingle as a lawyer, at Springfield, and on this occasion nobly did he prove that the kindness of the surveyor was not forgotten by the student who read Blackstone by the moonlight.

He went to the jail and questioned the young prisoner, who asserted his innocence, and Lincoln took up the case.

At the trial the witness swore that he saw the murder committed. "Might you not be mistaken?" asked Lincoln. "A dim light is deceptive and it was a dark night."

The witness hastened to reiterate that it was bright moonlight, whereupon Lincoln promptly pulled from among his books an almanac, and said calmly:

"It is not necessary for me to make a plea, for no jury can place any reliance on a witness who will swear that it was a moonlight night when the almanac proves that it was the dark of the moon."—Daniel W. Ayers in the National Magazine.

A Difficulty.

"I would like to take you apart, sir."

"You can't take me apart. I ain't no human puzzle."

TIT FOR TAT



Farmer Huskworthy—See here! I want ter know what yer mean by sleepin' around here? Ye've been snorin' so loud they kin hear ye a mile away! If ye'd keep yer mouth shut ye wouldn't make so much noise!

Bo Bill—Neither would you.

RAW ECZEMA ON HANDS

"I had eczema on my hands for ten years. I had three good doctors but none of them did any good. I then used one box of Cuticura Ointment and three bottles of Cuticura Resolvent and was completely cured. My hands were raw all over, inside and out, and the eczema was spreading all over my body and limbs. Before I had used one bottle, together with the Cuticura Ointment, my sores were nearly healed over, and by the time I had used the third bottle, I was entirely well. To any one who has any skin or blood disease I would honestly advise them to fool with nothing else, but to get Cuticura and get well. My hands have never given me the least bit of trouble up to now."

"My daughter's hands this summer became perfectly raw with eczema. She could get nothing that would do them any good until she tried Cuticura. She used Cuticura Resolvent and Cuticura Ointment and in two weeks they were entirely cured. I have used Cuticura for other members of my family and it always proved successful. Mrs. M. E. Fallin, Speers Ferry, Va., Oct. 19, 1909."

Money Needed for Good Work.

Twelve years ago, Massachusetts made the first appropriation for a state sanitarium. Since that time, over \$10,000,000 has been appropriated by state legislatures for the prevention of tuberculosis, and about an equal sum by municipal and county authorities. The federal government has over \$1,000,000 invested in tuberculosis hospitals, and spends annually about \$500,000 in their maintenance. Every year the percentage of appropriations made from public funds for tuberculosis work has increased.

While private societies have led the way in the tuberculosis campaign, every effort has been made to have states, cities and counties do their share. A bulletin of the national association states that the final success of the anti-tuberculosis crusade depends on every city and state providing funds to treat and prevent consumption.

Practical Christianity.

"On behalf of the sewing circle of this church," said the pastor at the conclusion of the morning service, "I desire to thank the congregation for 57 buttons placed in the contribution box during the past month. If now the philanthropically inclined donors of these objects will put a half-dozen undershirts and three pairs of other strictly secular garments on the plate next Sunday morning, so that we may have something to sew those buttons on, we shall be additionally grateful."—Harper's Weekly.

GET POWER.

The Supply Comes From Food.

If we get power from food, why not strive to get all the power we can. That is only possible by use of skillfully selected food that exactly fits the requirements of the body.

Poor fuel makes a poor fire, and a poor fire is not a good steam producer. "From not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs, I suffered grievously for a long time from stomach troubles," writes a lady from a little town in Missouri.

"It seemed as if I would never be able to find out the sort of food that was best for me. Hardly anything that I could eat would stay on my stomach. Every attempt gave me heartburn and filled my stomach with gas. I got thinner and thinner until I literally became a living skeleton and in time was compelled to keep to my bed."

"A few months ago I was persuaded to try Grape-Nuts food, and it had such good effect from the very beginning that I have kept up its use ever since. I was surprised at the ease with which I digested it. It proved to be just what I needed."

"All my unpleasant symptoms, the heartburn, the inflated feeling which gave me such pain disappeared. My weight gradually increased from 98 to 116 lbs., my figure rounded out, my strength came back, and I am now able to do my housework and enjoy it. Grape-Nuts did it."

A ten days' trial will show anyone some facts about food.

Look in pkgs. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

IMPORTANT PART WAS TRUE



She (to her fiancé, with whom she has just broken off her engagement)—You deceived me; everything that you told me about your family, your position and your means was false.

He—It was true about my debts, though.

Asking Too Much.

The mother of little six-year-old Mary had told her a number of times not to hitch her sled to passing sleighs, feeling that it was a dangerous practice. It was such a fascinating sport, however, that Mary could not resist it and one day her mother saw her go skimming past the house behind a farmer's "bobs."

When she came in from play she was taken to task, her mother saying severely: "Mary, haven't I told you that you must not hitch onto bobs? Besides, you know, it is against the law."

Mary tossed her head. "Oh," she said, "don't talk to me about the law. It's all I can do to keep the ten commandments!"—Woman's Home Companion.

The girl who says she wouldn't marry the best man living will probably live to have the satisfaction of knowing she didn't.

WHEN YOU'RE AS HOARSE as a crow. When you're coughing and gasping. When you've an old-fashioned deep-seated cold, take Allen's Lung Balsam. Sold by all druggists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

The face that lights up in conversation is not necessarily lantern-jawed.

PILES CURED IN 4 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles in 4 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

It's a pity that wisdom doesn't grow on a man like whiskers.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.

The average man is always paid average wages.

CHICAGO MERCHANT MAKES STATEMENT.

After Spending Thousands of Dollars and Consulting the Most Eminent Physicians, He Was Desperate.

CHICAGO, ILLS.—Mr. J. G. Becker, of 134 Van Buren St., a well-known wholesale dry goods dealer, states as follows:

"I have had catarrh for more than thirty years. Have tried everything on earth and spent thousands of dollars for other medicines and with physicians, without getting any lasting relief, and can say to you that I have found Peruna the only remedy that has cured me permanently."

"Peruna has also cured my wife of catarrh. She always keeps it in the house for an attack of cold, which it invariably cures in a very short time."

Young America.

The H's lived in the country, kept chickens and lived the simple life. One of their daily diversions was to sit on the front veranda and watch the sunset and Roberta, aged four, sat and watched with them, but it was a rather tedious as well as solemn occasion for her and one day, after watching in silence for quite a while, an explanation of the whole thing suddenly dawned upon her and with the delighted enthusiasm of a discoverer she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, I know now why it takes the sun so long to set. It has to hatch out so many little stars!"—Los Angeles Times.

What the Doctor Did.

Gustave Ulyatt has a little daughter who hasn't been well recently. The other day a physician was called to the Ulyatt home to see her. He examined the child with the aid of a stethoscope. When her father came home that evening he asked what the doctor had said.

"Nothin'," replied the little girl. "What did he do?" asked Mr. Ulyatt.

"He just telephoned me all over," was the child's reply.—Denver Post.

Ruling Passion.

"I knew Putt's smoking would get him into trouble."

"Well?"

"At his wedding, when it came to the ring part, he reached into his pocket and handed the minister a match."

Attention Sick Women

If you had positive proof that a certain remedy for female ills had made many remarkable cures, would you not feel like trying it?

If during the last thirty years we have not succeeded in convincing every fair-minded woman that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured thousands and thousands of women of the ills peculiar to their sex, then we long for an opportunity to do so by direct correspondence. Meanwhile read the following letters which we guarantee to be genuine and truthful.

Hudson, Ohio.—"I suffered for a long time from a weakness, inflammation, dreadful pains each month and suppression. I had been doctoring and receiving only temporary relief, when a friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so, and wrote to you for advice. I have faithfully followed your directions and now, after taking only five bottles of the Vegetable Compound, I have every reason to believe I am a well woman. I give you full permission to use my testimonial."

—Mrs. Lena Carmicino, Hudson, Ohio. R. F. D. No. 7.

St. Regis Falls, N. Y.—"Two years ago I was so bad that I had to take to my bed every month, and it would last from two to three weeks. I wrote to you for advice and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in dry form. I am happy to say that I am cured, thanks to your medicine and good advice. You may use my letter for the good of others."

—Mrs. J. H. Breyer, St. Regis Falls, N. Y.

There is absolutely no doubt about the ability of this grand old remedy, made from the roots and herbs of our fields, to cure female diseases. We possess volumes of proof of this fact, enough to convince the most skeptical.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



Col. W. H. Crook—Lincoln's Bodyguard.

bedroom opened. Often as he paced up and down he could hear the great man sigh or moan in his sleep after a day of unusual anguish and anxiety. Occasionally he would have to awake the sleeper to deliver some important telegram, but Crook declares that Lincoln never displayed any irritation at such interruptions. On one occasion, when he entered the president's room in response to the usual "Come in," he was surprised to find Lincoln busily engaged in sewing a button on his trousers. "Just repairing damages," explained the droll president, with a half smile.

Crook, who had been on duty all day with the president, did not accompany Lincoln to Ford's theater on the